and furd-gownes hides all. Get thee glasse eyes, and like a scurvy politician, seeme to see the things thou dost not; No, now pull off my boots, harder, harder, so.

*Edg.* O matter and impertinency, mixt reason in madnesse.

*Lear.* If thou wilt weepe my fortune, take my eyes; I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloster, thou must be patient, we came crying hither: thou knowst the first time that we smel the aire, we waile and cry. I will preach to thee, marke me.

*Glo.* Alack, alack, the day.

*Lear.* When we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great stage of fooles: this a good blocke. It were a delicate stratagem to shoot a troope of horse with fell, and when I haue stole vpon these sonnes in law, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

*Enter three Gentlemen.*

*Gent.* O here he is, lay hands vpon him sirs.

*Lear.* No rescue, what a prisoner? I am eene the naturall foole of Fortune: vse me well, you shall haue a ransom. Let me haue a Chirurgeon, I am cut to th braines.

*Gent.* You shall haue any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds, all my selfe: why this would make a man of salt to vse his eyes for garden water-pottes, I and laying Autumnes dust. *Gent.* Good Sir.

*Lear.* I will dye bravely like a Bridegroome. What, I will bee iouiall: Come, come, I am a King my masters, know you that?

*Gent.* You are a royall one, and we obey you.

*Lear.* Then theres life int, nay if you get it you shall get it with running. *Exit King running.*

*Gent.* A sight most pittifull in the meaneſt wretch, past speaking of in a king: thou hast one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curse which twaine hath brought her to.

*Edg.* Haile gentle sir.

*Gent.* Sir speed you, what's your will?

*Edg.* Do you heare ought of a battell toward?

*Gent.* Most sure and vulgar, euery ones heares
That can distinguish sense.

*Edg.* But by your fauour, how neeres the other army?

*Gent.*



*Gent.* Neere and on speed
Stands on the hourely thou
*Edg.* I thanke you sir, tha
*Gent.* Though that the Q
His army is mou'd on.
*Edg.* I thanke you sir.
*Glo.* You euer gentle goo
Let not my worser spirit te
To dye before you please.
*Edg.* Well pray you fath
*Glo.* Now good sir what
*Edg.* A most poore man,
Who by the Art of knowne
Am pregnant to good pitty
Ile leade you to some bidin
*Gloſt.* Hearty thankes, th
to boot, to boot.

*Ente*

*Stew.* A proclaim'd prize
was first framed flesh to rai
Traitor, briefely thy selfe re
destroy thee.
*Glo.* Now let thy friendl
*Stew.* Wherefore bolde
traytor, hence least the infe
thee, let go his arme.
*Edg.* Chill not let go sir w
*Stew.* Let go slaue, or tho
*Edg.* Good Gentleman g
and chud haue beene zwagg
bene zo long by a vortnigh
keepe out cheuore ye, or ile
be the harder, chill be plaine
*Stew.* Out dunghill.
*Edg.* Chil pick your teeth

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